UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Third Winter—An Opportunity for the Churches

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

V. A FLIGHT THROUGH GERMANY

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

State, Church and Disarmament in England

By EDWIN D. MEAD

Pacifism Becomes Respectable

By DOROTHY WALTON BINDER

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Message from S. O. Levinson on World Peace Day

Three years ago, on Aug. 27, 1928, in Paris, sixteen of the great nations of the world, including Russia, signed the pact of Paris, cultivating and abolishing war as a method of settling their disputes and conflicts. This puncturing of the philosophy of force, which dominated international relations for centuries and had brought civilization to the very brink of self-destruction, was of purely American origin and incarnates the American ideal of abolishing an outworn and dangerous institution by the power of law backed by overwhelming public sentiment. For no institution, however inimical to society, ever has been or can be abolished by force; it must be delegalized, outlawed.

Since that date practically all civilized countries have signed and ratified the pact, which is now the corner stone of international law, and under article 6 of our constitution has become "the supreme law of the land."

Here, then, we have the solemn renunciation of war by the governments of the earth, embodying the moral will of the people. This treaty does not purport to stop war by force; it condemns and renounces the use of force in international relations. It is grounded on the universal community of interest in peace among the nations, and reads war out of the text of international law; it snatches the scepter of war from the hand of Mars and surrenders it to the goddess of peace.

What in addition is needed to effectuate and perfect this most revolutionary and beneficent law in all history?

First of all, the existence and effect of this law must be brought home to the masses of mankind; who have always paid the colossal cost of wars in blood and money. Their governments have now officially created this antiwar pact; it is for the peoples themselves to see to its sacred preservation and by eternal vigilance to guard against its violation. To this end Aug. 27 should be declared by the parliaments and congresses of the nations an international holiday, called "world peace day." There is no universal day of rejoicing, and the absolute renunciation of war now furnishes a perfect one.

It is often said that the peace pact needs "implementing." But the use of words in international parlance is frequently misleading. We hear it proposed that the pact should have "teeth," that its provisions must be "enforced," that its violation must be punished under a system of "sanctions," and that "security" must be guaranteed against "bandit" or "aggressor" nations. But all these expressions are mere verbal camouflages for the use of force, that is to say, war, which is explicitly condemned and outlawed by the pact itself.

(*Continued on page* 16)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVIII MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1931 NUMBER 1

A VOICE

Some great voice is waiting to be heard which will usher in the sacred light of truth in the dark hours of the nightmare of politics, the voice which will proclaim that "God is over all," and exhort us never to covet, to be great in renunciation that gives us the wealth of spirit, strength of truth, leads us from the illusion of power to the fullness of perfection.—*Rabindranath Tagore* in "The Religion of Man."

An informal, oral, and necessarily incomplete questionnaire about church attendance reveals the fact that our young people of college education are not attending church nor showing any interest in it. From several college men, many of them with later academic degrees from our leading universities comes the word that neither they nor their wives ever think of attending church. They are just not interested. Yet the persons under consideration are choice young men and women of exemplary lives, and giving a full measure of service in their chosen occupations. Though the number considered from direct testimony is small it is believed to be fairly typical. Two of the Ph. D.'s questioned are sons of Unitarian ministers, one the son of a Congregationalist minister. Without exception all are from homes far above the average in culture and ethical probity. The women questioned are all college graduates, representing as do the men, a considerable variety of colleges. One of the young men, a college instructor, reports that of about twenty of his younger colleagues on the faculty of one of our best known eastern colleges, only two or three are definitely interested in any church or its work. It is submitted that a real social problem is presented here. Is it the churches or the young people who are at fault? More likely than either we have here a symptom of a changing social order in which evangelical protestantism will play a very different role from what it has played in the past.

A national referendum is often spoken of as if it were an easy possibility. Before a war let us have a nation-wide referendum, and thus submit the momentous question to everybody for a vote. Similarly with regard to prohibition. While the idea may be excellent a nation-wide referendum would be next to impossible to carry out. The election machinery of the country is entirely in the hands of the states. The constitution puts a few limitations on the uses of this machinery, such as the 15th, 17th and 19th amendments. But even in the case of these, the carrying of them out is left entirely to the states. No one votes directly even for president. The electors for whom the votes are cast are state officials. Their combined votes in any state constitute the vote of that state for president. A national referendum would involve first a resolution by both houses of congress requesting (not instructing) each state to hold a referendum on the subject, a request with which of course no state is obliged to comply. The extra expense involved would of necessity one would suppose be borne by the states. The only way the affair could be made obligatory on the states would be by the passage of a constitutional amendment giving the power to congress. Such procedure requires a two-thirds vote of both houses of congress, ratified by three-fourths of the state legislatures. It would seem to be quite clear that a nation-wide referendum, at least one to which all the states would give effect is by no means the simple matter which it is often assumed to be. The foregoing by no means involves any criticism of the idea.

It is gratifying to note that after its first stultification of itself on Prohibition, the Wickersham Commission has made some really valuable criticisms of certain terrible conditions in the social organism. It is well that from a high official source word should come to us about the treatment of youthful inhabitants of the Federal prisons, confirmation of the truth that the ghosts of Sacco and Vanzetti still walk, and that the crime of the imprisonment of Mooney and Billings still smells. It is well also that the long concealed horror of the "third degree" should receive official condemnation. Why is it that the police in practically every city resort to this barbarous sadism? It is probable that any mayor in any city, or at all events his political boss, could stop the thing at any time. That means that authorities above the police sanction the practice which they permit. Which shows a sore in our civic body. When the revolting details of the oil scandals were being printed in our papers day by day, and we read of the Attorney General of the United States being involved in all sorts of evil

practices, some of us felt personally besmirched. These were *our* officials; they were the men *we* had authorized to carry on these important functions for us. A sense of personal shame reddened our cheeks. One sees, or thinks he sees, improvement in the way the "traffic cops" treat the autoists. Word has evidently gone forth that the traveler is entitled to courtesy from his officers. Who will get the same thing done for the prisoner? for the man who is under arrest, but whose crime is not yet proved? "There but for the grace of God, go we."

George A. Coe says in one of his books that the possession of wealth always sets up a relationship between individuals. A corollary to that is that the possession of wealth gives to its possessor power over other individuals. A friend writing from England says that recently a certain Duke over there sold one of his estates on which resided a population of 11,000 people. This is a vestige of the old landed feudalism. But the relationship of power is established in every kind of wealth ownership. Such ownership carries with it a type of ownership of souls. Wealth means servants, employees, men and women who are afraid of losing their jobs, with all the entail of fear that goes with such relationships. Jesus, despite his penetrating vision concerning the corrosive effect of possessions on the possessors could not possibly see the way in which wealth possession in modern civilization harasses the lives of those who are the exploited. Just as the lords of feudalism were the land-lords, their power coming from their ownership, so in our civilization the wealth owners are the rulers of our social and political life. Hence the significance of the modern revolutions. Russia, Spain and other countries are throwing off not political but economic rulers and rulerships. We in America are coming slowly to recognize how hog-tied we are to our lords of ownership. But not yet have we ceased to regard "those who exercise authority upon us as 'Benefactors.'"

As this paragraph is being written word has come that old England has gone into the hands of a receiver. Surely a portentous moment for the British Empire and for the world. Every liberal must feel his heart strangely moved by the splendid fight, although in some respects a losing one, which Ramsay MacDonald has made. This is by no means to have no sympathy with those trade union obdurates who felt the grave injustice of cutting into the incomes of the unemployed, who through no fault of their own have been unable to get jobs. And yet, so strangely tangled is this economic system of ours, the rich, the bankers, and all their tribe must still be the "benefactors" who will hand out of their abundance to keep going a bankrupt state, not to say a bankrupt civilization. Does this mean that the owners will get a still firmer grip on things for a time, and become still more the rulers of us all, or are we on the verge of a more complete overthrow still? But soon or late the end of their dominion will come. Just as Emperors, Kings, Dukes, *et id omne genus,* are fast becoming shadowy memories, so the present overlords of finance will fade out of the picture. Who or what will take their places? Competent observers of the Russian scene say that Communism is a new religion. Whether it is or not, something akin to religious devotion and zeal must go into the making of the new order. Perhaps a new Puritanism will characterize the new time; a Puritanism not of negations and self-denials merely, but a Puritanism of consecration, of dedication to a new social order, an enthusiasm for liberty and fulfilment.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

The Third Winter—An Opportunity for the Churches

Even our official optimists now admit that this coming winter will show no improvement in the economic situation. Indeed there is quite general agreement that this third winter of the depression will bring still more unemployment than the two through which we have passed since the Wall Street crash of October, 1929. Additional industries have become affected; more thousands of workers have been laid off or placed on part time; and thousands of the unemployed, whose meager savings have tided them over the past months, have now reached the end of their resources. Moreover, hundreds of banks throughout the country have closed their doors thus pushing thousands of the middle class over the brink. In all human probability the winter just ahead will cause more distress to the American people than any they have experienced in the present century. As the churches have so generally led in works of good will the query is most natural as to what they can and ought to do in this present crisis? A magnificent opportunity presents itself. Here is the chance to make effective reply to those who believe that organized religion performs no useful social function. Let me point out briefly some of the things local churches can do to alleviate the suffering which this winter will bring.

First: Every local church would do well to have an employment committee. This committee could can-

vass all the members and adherents of the church and urge them to create as many full time or part time jobs as possible. Probably only a few jobs could thus be found in each church but all these added together would have an appreciable effect upon the whole situation. Such jobs could be reported to some community free employment agency and the men placed in the positions open.

Second: Many churches will find it feasible to throw open some part of their plant to the unemployed. Idleness is demoralizing. It can be made a little less so if men's surroundings are kept clean and wholesome. Rooms in church property could give warmth, recreation and fellowship. In addition some churches could arrange classes and lectures so that the time of the unemployed might not all be wasted. In this connection it is well to remember the strides made in the field of adult education. We know now that adults need not fear to study in unfamiliar fields. They can learn and they can find joy in learning.

Third: The churches can do much to help the various charitable agencies upon whom most of the relief burden will fall this winter. These agencies need and will welcome the co-operation of the churches in raising funds and in helping to provide volunteer personnel. Whole-hearted co-operation here will be of incalculable value.

Such are some of the measures the churches may take in alleviating the present crisis. Others will occur to those who genuinely desire to be of service. However such measures look only in the direction of alleviating the distress of the unemployed. The basic task of the churches lies deeper down. In a very real sense it is their primary duty to "preach the gospel." That gospel is the gospel of the golden rule and it is the business of the churches to make sensitive the consciences of men, to make them alive to the sufferings of their fellows. No small part of those sufferings are due to economic conditions. Today all know that something is wrong with our economic structure. The churches have come into the kingdom for such a time as this for now above all times there is the opportunity to bring home to men and women the unethical character of our industrial order. They are now in a mood to listen in a way they were not in the days of "prosperity." To meet this fundamental ethical issue each church might well do some at least of the following:

First: Through sermons, study groups and in other ways inform its constituency of the basic economic facts. "My people perish for lack of knowledge," is as true in our days as in the days of Isaiah. One cannot but believe that the American political science would be different did the church part of the American public know the extent of wealth concentration in the United States and the strangle hold the great power interests are getting upon our natural resources. The facts of the unemployment situation and the causes of it ought to be and could be brought before thousands of church groups this winter. This is a golden chance which must not be lost.

Second: The churches have a real mission to perform in defending civil liberties, particularly the liberty of speech. Basic economic changes are unquestionably coming in America, the only question being how they shall come. They can come peaceably if all are free to advocate the changes they believe to be right but if some views are suppressed they will only be driven under ground to explode at some future date with dangerous violence. A genuine contribution can be made in this field by church forums and by opening up church property to groups whose views prevent them from being given a fair hearing in other places. In many strike areas the strikers find all halls and even the streets closed to them. The churches have a magnificent opportunity to show the sincerity of their social pronouncements by friendly aid in such concrete cases.

Third: Now is the chance for the churches to bring home to their adherents the necessity of personal righteousness in the economic realm. It is their task to make each of us feel the moral guilt of living without work no matter how legal our methods may be. Those who live without productive effort ought to be made and can be made to feel uncomfortable. Along with this our churches ought to make us feel some misgivings about what we spend on ourselves. We might more frequently be asked whether we are spending more upon ourselves than we really need to maintain social efficiency. With peculiar appropriateness can this be done in a winter when such staggering appeals for aid must inevitably come to the public.

Fourth: These lines of endeavor must not make the churches forget that one of their great functions is to pronounce moral judgments. Some social measures sure to be proposed this coming winter and some now in operation are morally wrong. Indeed it is largely because of moral wrong that our unemployment problem exists. At the heart of these economic problems there are deep ethical questions and the economic problem can never be solved without solving the ethical. In this coming winter let our churches approve when the ethic of goodwill demands approval and condemn when the truth clearly calls for such condemnation. It is not the churches' task except in rare instances to propose specific legislation but it is their task to judge all social practices by ideal standards. Only by fearlessness in these matters can our churches save themselves and fulfil their social duties.

The churches face the third winter. It comes as a challenge which must be met. It comes too as a

remarkable opportunity to demonstrate the sincerity and worth of the gospel they profess. Let them organize employment committees to alleviate the distress of the millions out of work. They could thus do much to soften the blow which awaits the jobless this winter. But above all now is the time for organized religious bodies through study groups and by public addresses to inform their constituencies of the facts of our economic order. Nor can they be content with fact finding. They must give and demand freedom of expression in these trying times. Still more they must reassert their prophetic function of pronouncing moral judgments upon the civilization of the western world. Above all they must make the conscience of men and women so sensitive to social injustice that those who plan a better social order may have something solid on which to build. Such a program would answer the critics of religion as no arguments ever could. Will this opportunity be grasped?

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Items from a Traveler's Note Book

V—A Flight Through Germany

I

I do not wonder that Germans love their country, and are tempted to laud it *"über alles."* Its beauty catches the heart, and moves to silence and to tears. For over a week, now, I have been journeying through the Rhine valley, along the banks of the Neckar, into Baden and the Black Forest, and here am writing in Constance on the shores of the Bodensee. Before my eyes there moves the panorama of what I have seen from car-windows, from automobiles, from walks in town and countryside, mountain peaks and the tall spires of churches. The rolling landscape green for the cattle, or golden with waving grain—the hill-slopes terraced for vines and orchards, and crowned here and there with the ruined castles of an older day—the red-roofed villages, with white houses and gardens rich with flowers and fruits—laborers toiling in the fields, ox-carts wending their patient way along the tortuous roads, wayside shrines with crosses and images for the quiet worship of the passerby—rivers, springs and waterfalls—hedges, winding like streams of green to the horizon—and *trees,* trees in the cities, great clumps of trees in the wide stretches of the countryside, giant trees in the Black Forest each numbered and registered, and none ever cut unless another is immediately planted in its place! If that man is blessed who plants a tree, then are these Germans blessed above all other peoples, for trees abound on plain and mountain, in the valleys, the river-courses, and the city squares. Hour after hour I have gazed upon this landscape—hundreds of miles of it in Baden, Wurtemberg and Bavaria—and marveled. And never once, be it said, have my eyes been insulted by a bill-board or a pile of debris. The Germans keep their pastures and grain-fields like cultivated gardens, and their city streets like the highways of a park. What do they do with their dirt and refuse? How do they dispose of their ashes? What becomes of their scrapped automobiles? I do not know. I can only testify that a country, lovely beyond compare, is kept lovely by the care and reverence of citizens who protect it as they protect their homes.

The people, it must be said, seem not to be as beautiful as the land in which they live. Too many of the men are rough and burly, with close-cropped heads that can never by any miracle be other than ugly. Too many of the women are worn and dowdy—next only to the English, the German women are the worst dressed in all the world. Just now, as we shall see, there is a reason for the poor clothes that both sexes are wearing. The shabbiness of the audience I saw in the opera-house at Stuttgart was an occasion not for laughter but for tears to him who understood! But taste and care could make more of even the shabbiest material than these German women seem to achieve. No, the older generation is battered and tired and nervously exhausted—perhaps they have forgotten themselves in remembering so lovingly their country for which they are paying so much, and which may not be with them over long. In this country, rather than in its people, is beauty to be found.

But there is a younger generation who match the mountains and the forests over which they tramp so ceaselessly, and which they love so devotedly. The saving of this new generation in Germany constitutes one of the miracles of the post-war period. Immediately the fighting was over, a people starved and sick from the privation of the blockade, enslaved by the military triumph of ruthless conquerors, swept by revolution and wild disorder, set themselves deliberately to the task of saving their children. Already the babies were anaemic and feeble. "Rickets" had begun its awful devastation. Food was scant and of poor quality. But everything was sacrified to these new children who were the hope of the new Germany. Physicians, organized by the government, took charge of diet and sanitary care. Playgrounds were everywhere established, and athletics encouraged. The youth movement, already active before the War, was given new strength, and extended even to the smallest of the boys and girls. Slowly but surely good food, assiduous nursing, open air exercises, games and sports, hiking and camping in the woods and along the rivers, did their blessed work, and today the Fatherland has youths and maidens who must match the young of ancient Greece for sheer vigor, grace and beauty.

Never have I seen such boys and girls as these which I have been meeting in the last few days. I have watched them walking along the roads, boating on the rivers, playing in the fields, bathing in the lakes or swimming pools—the young men with nothing on but trunks, the girls with the scantiest attire of "shorts" and light jerseys. As I gazed upon their lithe bodies, bronzed like shining copper, I think I knew for the first time what the Greeks knew in the beauty which they immortalized in the flaw-less figures of their marble sculpture. I can see now that boy whom I watched paddling his little boat along the river in Heidelberg—naked, so far as I could see, and like

Apollo come again to earth. And those boys and girls, all but naked, who rowed that racing-shell in Heidelberg as though it were for victory in an annual regatta! And the girl in the public square in Heilbroun—shall I ever forget that perfect specimen of young womanhood? Bare legs and arms, a skirt tossing halfway to the knees, a bosom full and free as Diana's in the chase, a mass of blond hair waving in the breeze, and wide blue eyes as frank and innocent as any baby's! She moved with the quick grace of some forest-nymph, and was as unconscious of me and my admiring stare as though I were not visible at all. But had I been a sculptor, I would have seized her as my model for the "Germania" of the future. For it is from girls like this that the new race of Germans is to be bred. And what a race it will be—if not starved, devasted and brutalized by the horrors of a revolution already looming dark upon the horizon of this land!

II

There should be no entrance into Germany except via Cologne. This city is as old as the Roman walls and arches near the museum, as medieval as the ashes of Duns Scotus and Albert Magnus in the churches, as modern as the great new bridge that spans the Rhine. It is as beautiful as the Cathedral, whose towering nave must lift the coldest heart into something of an ecstacy of adoration, and as ugly as the cubist stature of Von Bismarck which is excusable only as a perfect representation of that granite-like figure of Teuton militarism. Cologne is Germany—the ideal gateway to the nation. Here one should meet the language, get acquainted with the currency, face the history and traditions of the past, and feel the future.

I felt that the future was before me, as well as the past around me, when I stood on the fortifications of the city, dismantled under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, and saw them transformed into a veritable bower of trees and flowers. Is this city any weaker that these fortifications are gone? Are not the people happier that they can never be rebuilt, and will forever be used as parks for tired mothers and playing children? And will this not be the fate of all fortifications—garlands in place of guns and guards, songs in place of soldiers and salutes—if our civilization is to survive at all?

III

After Cologne and Bonn, Frankfort! I had been to this spacious and lordly commercial city before, and thus had seen the "sights." I came this time in order to see and talk with a man who knew Germany, was familiar with its public affairs, was acquainted with its journalists and statesmen, and thus could tell me the secrets of the nation's present plight. I saw this man, and we talked for hours. Then, on the morning before my departure, tired of much discussion of finances and reparations and revolutions, we sought the open, and together wandered into the suburbs of Frankfort, and saw the new houses for the workers.

It took us but fifteen minutes—a mile or two—to reach the open country surrounding this, one of the largest cities in Germany. Here were miles of open fields rich with waving grain, and in between rows upon rows of houses built by the city for the workers. The Germans see no reason why a city should not build houses as well as streets, and every reason why the need of the common people for home and shelter should not be exploited by private capital for private profit! Certain features of these houses were noticeable. Thus, they were built according to the most advanced standards of modern architecture—flat roofs, walls composed largely of windows, wide terraces and open porches, all gayly colored in reds and blues and whites. Secondly, they were placed on broad streets, reared to a height of only a few stories, and provided front and back with ample provision of light and air. Thirdly, they were surrounded with gardens—each house, or apartment, had plenty of ground space for the growing of flowers and vegetables. And every inch of this space was covered with useful or beautiful plants.

One house—or block of apartments—particularly interested me. It was a building designed and set apart for the exclusive use of unmarried working women. Each woman had her own little home. Here she lived freely, without observations and restrictions upon her. The janitor was under strict instructions not to interfere with the lives of his tenants. Scandal, if it appeared, could be trusted to discover and remove itself. For once, the needs of single as well as of married persons were recognized, and here were wisely cared for!

But I was interested not only in these municipal houses, but also in something else in this same neighborhood. As we walked along, I noticed in between the fields and houses certain stretches of open ground all cut up into little sections, or divisions, each section with a little garden house surrounded by luxurious growths of potatoes, cabbages, peas, beans, and, frequently, gorgeous flowers. All I could think of, as I looked at these little parcels of cultivated ground, was the fashion of a cemetery with its innumerable plots belonging to innumerable families for the burial of their dead. And my thought was not so far-fetched! For upon inquiry I learned that these plots were all so many "allottments," as they are called, owned by the city and allotted to private families, or individuals, for the growing of flowers and vegetables. Late in the afternoon, I was told, I would see these places alive with people come out after their day's work to care for their cabbages and roses. The postman, the clerk, the sales-girl, the car-conductor, the policeman, the school-teacher, they would all be here. Indeed, they would have to be, for no "allottment" can be left untended and thus unprofitable. For if a plot of ground is neglected, it is straightway taken away from its possessor, and given to some one else. Hundreds of acres of city land are thus given to the uses of the people. Think of the vegetables and flowers, and the happiness and moral character, that are grown out of this fertile soil! Frankfort, of course, is a Socialist city. Building houses and allotting gardens are not the only blessings it confers upon its fortunate people. That it owns and operates its street car lines is a commonplace. Its parks, stadia, playgrounds, and swimming pools are among the most elaborate in the world. Its city opera house and theatre give the finest music and plays at a minimum of expense. Most remarkable, it seemed to me, was its vast municipal dairy. Would that I had had time to see it—hundreds of cows, extensive pastures and barns, a scientific milking and bottling plant—all run by the city, that milk may be guaranteed as abundant and pure to the citizens as water! Go to the bathing beaches and the public

playgrounds, and there you will see civic booths with bottled milk from the municipal dairy, of various grades and standards, sold to the mothers for a few pffennig for their babies! Of course, Socialism is impracticable, unworkable, dangerous! But it must be great to live in a Socialist city like Frankfort.

IV

I shall not soon forget a Sunday, spent in the morning at Heidelberg, and in the evening at Heilbronn. I was up early that morning, to renew an acquaintanceship with the old romantic city of the Counts Palatine just made the day before. I went out on the Alte Brücke, and watched the young people already sporting on the river. I wandered into the old town, up and down the narrow, twisting streets, and stole glimpses into the ancient houses where many an old grandsire was sipping his morning beer. I gazed on the Schloss, the matchless castle high up there on the crags, imbedded in a bower of trees and vines. I visited the University, and saw with especial interest the new building just dedicated by ex-Ambassador Schurmann. By this time the church bells were pealing their call to worship, and I hastened to the Protestant Heilig-Geist Kirche to attend the services. This church had interested me the day before not only because it was old, but also because, in the Reformation disputes between Catholics and Protestants, a wall had been built separating the nave from the choir, so that the Catholics might worship in the one place and their rivals in the other. Here was the true community church spirit, and I liked it—though it would have been better to have had no wall!

Little girls dressed in native costume stood at the church door selling flowers as I entered. Their faces were as bright as their blossoms, but they were the last touch of beauty that I saw. For the church was all darkness and cold. The candles here and there only added to the gloom. The few persons present seemed chilly, and their rising for the prayers was stiff and awkward. The minister was earnest, but the doleful mystery of the place was in him. Where were the sunlight and the breezes in which I had just been basking? Where were those flowers and the little girls? Where were the friendly people with their open windows and heartening pots of ale. Must religion be always sad and old and deathly? The congregation evidently thought so, for they sang all the verses of a hymn which read:

Streitet recht die wengen Jahre
Eh' ihr kommt auf die Totenbahre;
Kurz, kurz ist unser Lebenslauf!
Wenn Gott wird die Toten wecken
Und vor dem Herrn die Wett ershrecken,
So stehen wir mit Freunden auf.

I hurried from the dark church when the amen was spoken, and sped my steps to warm my bones. I had seen not a college student in the scanty pews. A few young people, but mostly old! Yet here outside, in the sunshine, on the river, up on the hills, the town was swarming with happy faces and ringing with merry voices. The church and the world—in which was God?

I seemed to get my answer in Heilbronn that night. My host was telling me of a dramatic society of young people in the town. For four years they had rehearsed some standard play each winter, and then had produced it in the open air during the summer on every Saturday and Sunday evening. This year their play was Goethe's *"Götz von Berlichingen"* —appropriately so, for Götz had been imprisoned in this town, in the old tower which I had seen by the river. There was a performance tonight! Would I like to go?

We hastened through the quiet streets, crossed the river, passed the Götz tower, and came to a beautiful private garden which had been loaned to the players for their performances. Here rough bleachers had been erected, facing the stage which was the garden itself. The background was a dark forest of great trees. Against this had been placed the scenery of a castle and tower and balcony, all cleverly fashioned into a common building, but capable of being used in sections, so to speak, for this scene and that. Great electric searchlights, behind the seats, focused their beams upon the appointed section, or sections needed, and all else was straightway lost in darkness. The stage, if it may be called such, had a frontage of not less than 150 feet, and had great entrances through doorways and arches, and over highroads from the outer world, which gave ample space for crowds of peasants and soldiery, mounted knights and ladies, and fierce battles between warring princes and their retainers. This night not only the stage but the seats were crowded, for auto-buses had been sent out into the countryside around Heilbronn, and had brought in the peasantry to see the play. It was a rapt audience through the hours of the performance.

I could understand little of the text. All the more for this reason was I able to get outside the play, so to speak, and look at the spectacle as a whole. So impressive it was, that I was profoundly moved. The performance was in many ways a miracle of precision, vigor, and noble eloquence. The cast was large, the production complicated, the action swift, yet these amateurs moved through it with a skill and gusto which were contagious. One actor was pointed out to me as a minister, another was a teacher, a third was the proprietor of the tobacco shop, a fourth was a clerk in my host's office. All were simple, busy, hard-working folk, yet for their love of art and of their country's culture, they gave themselves to this laborious work. I wondered, as the night deepened around me and the cold stars blinked through the trees—as I heard these passionate young voices declaiming the text of the great poet, and felt around me the eager, tense listening of these gathered peasant folk—I wondered, I say, if this was not religion. At any rate, I was happier than in the church, I felt closer to the hearts of men, and my soul was lifted higher toward the far spaces of mystic beauty.

When the play was done, we walked back through the quiet streets of this ancient town, my host and I. We stopped at a café, and talked over the tea-cups till the bells were ringing the midnight hour. The day had ended better than it had begun.

V

Are the Germans all musicians? Is music their native tongue?

At Heidelberg, on the Saturday night, I had gone to the old Peter's Kirche, to hear an evening concert of music by organ and violin. A great audience of humble men and women sat for an hour in the dusk, which turned to darkness ere the hour was done, and listened to music by Bach and Reger. On my way

back to my hotel, I walked by the buildings of the University, and in a space of less than two blocks, I heard three groups of singers—two of men's voices, and one of women's—chanting the great music of classic German folk-songs and chorals. Was this an accident? Perhaps so! But not even by accident do college students in America spend their Saturday nights singing the music, if any, of their native land.

The next morning, before six o'clock, I was awakened by singing beneath my window. This was no choral, but some vigorous marching song. I sprang out of bed, flung open my shutters to the already brilliant sun, and looked into the street. There were boys and girls, a score of them, clad in hiking costume, with packs and staves, one with a waving banner, all striding off to the hills for a Sunday tramp. Three times as I dressed that morning the same songs from other happy voices came mounting to my window. How charming these youngsters were! How gayly they marched away! And how all the air was music from their singing!

Again, that night in Heilbronn—what was it that I kept hearing from the distance? It was a still darkness all around me, save for the playing of the play. But every now and then, stealing in amind the sound of the clashing armor, and of the cantering horses, and of the loud voices of the players, came this other and more distant sound. Yes—it was singing! Men's voices from some café, or garden! Not shouting, or wild laughter, or ribold jests, but merry songs, sung in lovely harmony, with long, fond clinging to the closing cadences. If this was the voice of the night, it was the voice of Germany. Music—always music in the heart and on the lips!

This singing delighted me at first, then at last invariably saddened me. For I seemed to hear undertones that shook my soul. These youngsters are happy enough today, but what is going to happen to them tomorrow? Is not some fate lurking upon these lovely fields and mountains, and ancient towns? For Germany is not song and play alone. It is misery, and ruin, and bitterness, and hate as well. Listen hard enough and you will hear not merely singing, but also the sound of muttering protest and angry threat. Calamnity stalks this land. Revolution waits upon its threshold. If the young everywhere are gay, it is because it is their destiny to be gay. And if they are gay in Germany, it is because they are resolved that Germany shall live, though they, like their fathers, mayhap must die.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Constance, Germany.

State, Church and Disarmament in England

The great meeting at the Albert Hall on Saturday, July 11, in behalf of the movement for international disarmament was perhaps the most impressive peace demonstration ever witnessed. It was certainly the most impressive meeting at which I have ever been present, in a life which has had to do with a very great number of great meetings. One of the London papers reporting it goes so far as to say that "Saturday's gathering in the Albert Hall was the most important public meeting that has taken place in the history of the world." Its importance at this moment at all events, as an expression of the sentiment of the English political leaders and the English people in approaching the International Disarmament Conference at Geneva next year, cannot well be overstated. The meeting was addressed by Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin and Lloyd George, the leaders of the three great political parties—the prime minister and two past prime ministers, all the English prime ministers now living. The great hall was thronged by an audience of 10,000 people, and as many more were outside. It was a mighty expression of the profound feeling here in the present momentous crisis. It makes the American in England think how hard it is to conceive a similar great mass meeting in New York or Washington, with President Hoover, Alfred Smith and Norman Thomas on the same platform, making such speeches as those here in London on Saturday. When our people are once roused on the subject as the English people are roused today, then we may see that thing. Meantime we may note with gratitude and pride the immense international service which President Hoover is rendering at this hour, with a response in England and throughout Europe which is the most significant and hopeful thing, and the subject most earnestly discussed, in every circle here. Mr. Hoover's address to the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at Washington on the insanity of keeping up the present costly and menacing armaments and his recent move for the financial relief of the distraught nations are felt to be by far the most important acts in his administration; and the hope held out of yet more radical steps on his part towards international disarmament thrills the European people with a redemptive encouragement hard to conceive by one who has not touched the widespread desperate European situation.

The fact that Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson was the presiding officer at this great meeting was a fact of high significance. He was the chief of the General Staff during the war, and is universally recognized as the greatest living English soldier. His experience has convinced him of the futility and folly of war, and he is now an earnest member of the peace party, as is also General Maurice whose place beside him in the war was so conspicuous. The addresses at the meeting by Maude Royden and Lord Robert Cecil, in moving the short and sharp resolution demanding the sweeping reduction of armaments, were speeches of signal eloquence and force.

The accounts which have been cabled to the American papers make any detailed report here superfluous. Every one of the three great speeches was a masterpiece of eloquence, of argument and of resolution; and most eloquent of all was the spectacle of these leaders of the three great parties, opposed in so much, standing here side by side united in pledging England's influence for relief of the world's crushing burden and supreme need.

As I think of those three great speeches, three utterances stand out commandingly conspicuous. Mr. MacDonald emphasized with power the pledge of the Allies in the Versailles treaty, when cutting down Germany's army to 100,000 men, that this was to be

viewed as precursor and pledge of similar reductions in the forces of all nations, and that such reduction of armaments must be a primary concern of the League of Nations,—a pledge which has not been redeemed and must now be redeemed.

The point in Mr. Baldwin's address which stirred the great audience most deeply was his declaration that Britain looked upon the League of Nations as the cardinal and hopeful agency for international action and advance, to be universally supported, and his frank statement that the abstention of the United States from co-operation in the League has been a serious handicap and source of weakness.

Mr. Lloyd George emphasized the failure of the nations to live up to their pledges in the reduction of armaments. The Paris peace pact especially, adopted by sixty nations, pledged the nations to renounce war as an instrument of policy and settle all disputes by peaceful means. Its clear corollary is the rapid decrease of the instruments of war corresponding to the rapid and now so complete provision of the instruments of international justice. Yet we see no such decrease, but almost everywhere actual increase in armaments, now a fearful menace. This must be sharply checked, and this is the time to check it.

The question of disarmament is the supreme question with the peace party in every country in Europe. The thought of all the peace societies and all progressive political workers is concentrated on the Conference which is to meet at Geneva next February. We have been in Paris, Geneva, Munich, Leipzig, Berlin and Brussels, in conference with international workers in all those centres; and the thought everywhere is of the Disarmament Conference, which it is felt must in some decisive way lift from the shoulders of the people the crushing burden which, with the devastating poverty everywhere, can no longer be borne. The impossibility of any other solution for the present paralyzing economic conditions is recognized as the inexorable imperative for prompt relief from the awful waste imposed by the military system and its costly instruments. The experience of 1914 taught the European peoples effectually the uselessness of relying on great armaments for security and peace. Never were nations so thoroughly "prepared for war" as these nations in 1914; and they got what they prepared for. Europe was an armed camp, essentially two armed camps glowering at each other; and at the sound of the trumpet in the fateful hour the armed camps became battle-fields, with the results which we see in Europe today, results so much more apparent and appalling than when we were last here, in 1927. No sane man contends that the war brought any good to any nation. In this interdependent modern world war cannot possibly bring good to any, but only damage to all, vanquished and victor alike. In England the three responsible statesmen of 1914, Mr. Asquith, Lord Grey and Lloyd George, all publicly declared after the war that in 1914 they quite misread the European situation, and in the cool blood of retrospect they were convinced that neither the German government nor any other really planned or desired war, but that all together "stumbled and staggered" into it,—the words are Lloyd George's—and that proper discussion would have prevented it. Perhaps the supreme virtue of the League of Nations is that it makes such discussion, so hard and ineffective in 1914, now easy and regular; the premiers and controlling statesmen of all the nations, then strangers to each other, are now brought together at Geneva in free and friendly intercourse. The war was a colossal accident, the product of forces which the governments had created ostensibly for their security, but which proved uncontrollable and their undoing. These forces were primarily the great armaments; and the cry goes up everywhere that great armaments must not be allowed to do their terrible work again. A "blunder" which stretches ten million fine fellows dead upon battle-fields, and sends ten million more home to broken and useless lives, is too costly a blunder for repetition. This is the perception and the teaching behind the great Albert Hall meeting here in London last Saturday.

The armaments have not today, as perhaps in 1914, any warrant or excuse for being; for in the meantime great international institutions and agreements for the judicial and rational settlement of disputes have come into existence and efficiency, which in 1914 did not exist,—the League of Nations, the World Court and the Peace Pact. Great armaments now become an impertinence and wanton; and the enlightened governments as well as the common people everywhere clearly see it.

The Disarmament movement in the English churches is stronger and better organized than even in the political and economic circles, reaching every part of England. We were present at a great meeting at the Central Hall in Westminster, which was the most impressive religious demonstration yet held during the campaign. Including the overflow meeting in the lower hall, there were 5,000 persons present, and hundreds were turned away. I have seldom attended a more impressive meeting and none where the feeling was more earnest or intense. It stirred us as Americans when the opening hymn, sung as only great English meetings can sing, proved to be that of our own Frederick Hosmer:

> Thy kingdom come, on bended knee
> The passing ages pray;
> And faithful souls have yearned to see
> On earth that kingdom's day.

Among the twenty hymns on the leaflet which is being used in the crusade, we noticed also Julia Ward Howe's "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord"; Lowell's "Once to every man and nation"; and William P. Merrill's "Rise up, O men of God."

There were a dozen bishops on the platform, with other dignitaries, including men of all churches, such men known in America as Lord Dickinson, Sir Henry Lunn and Professor Gilbert Murray. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Temple, presided, reading at the outset a strong letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, expressing the hope that the meeting would inaugurate a widespread movement for impressing upon the English people the immense importance of the forthcoming conference and the issues involved in it. Dr. Temple himself in his extended and forcible address said that they were not met as politicians, but as Christian citizens. The question that concerned them was the limitation of armaments by international agreement. On what happened in February would depend the whole attitude of nations to one another in the future. Other speakers included the Dean of Chichester, the Rev. Bede Jarrett of the Roman Catholic Church, and Rev. Hubert Simpson of the Westminster Congregational Church, representing the Free Churches.

The great speech of the evening was by Lord Robert Cecil, who was greeted by the great audience with tremendous enthusiasm.

Lord Cecil said that it was just two years since he paid a visit to M. Clemenceau. Clemenceau had said he thought it was more difficult to make peace even than it was to make war. "About 2,000 years ago," he had continued, "the founder of Christianity appeared. The world was tired of the old religion. The people were ready for something new. He had a great opportunity, and preached his religion, the basis of which was that men should love one another. It was very widely accepted; but they went on killing one another just the same." Then, turning to him, M. Clemenceau, with a little of his old fierceness, had said: "That is a fact. There is no getting away from it."

That seemed to Lord Cecil the challenge that came to them over the question of disarmament. It had taken us a long time to take the first effective steps towards the abolition of war. But now we had taken them, let us see it through to a triumphant conclusion. The League of Nations was the first big step of that kind, at any rate in our time. As soon as the League was formed preparations were made for formulating the plan for disarmament, and those preparations lasted for some ten years. The preparatory stages were now concluded. They have reached a stage at which it has been possible for the League of Nations to summon next February the greatest international conference that has ever come together, a conference of all the civilized nations of the world, whether they were members of the League or not, to consider the necessary plans for beginning the reduction and limitation of the armaments of the world by international agreement. There were circumstances in the world which made that decision extremely timely. At this period of widespread distress it was, he believed, actually true that much more money was being spent by the nations of the world on armaments even than was spent in the years preceding the War. That could only be described as a wicked waste of money. He was not advocating any unilateral reduction of armaments. He was asking for a general reduction of armaments by all the civilized nations. If there were ten per cent of Christianity in the international relations of the world, the difficulties of disarmament would vanish like mist before the sun. It was the jealousy, suspicion, misunderstanding, evil speaking, lying and slandering that went on between the nations of the world that was really the difficulty in the way of disarmament.

Lord Cecil laid special stress, as did Mr. MacDonald at Albert Hall, upon the clear implication of the terms with which the treaty of Versailles cut down the German army to 100,000 men, the practical pledge that this procedure would be followed duly by the victorious nations when settled conditions came following the war. He recalled with particular force the personal public declaration to this effect at the time by M. Clemenceau, the president of the Peace Conference; and he said that the nations had no right longer to ignore or postpone this clear and imperative duty.

Lord Cecil's energetic declaration that it was the jealousy, suspicion and evil speaking between the nations that was the real difficulty in the way of disarmament and international progress brings home to Americans and reinforces the great sermon by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick recently published on "The Supreme Enemy of Christianity," a sermon which ought to be circulated by the million at this hour all over the Christian world. The supreme enemy of Christianity today, Dr. Fosdick proclaimed with true discernment, is not the opposition or rivalry of other religions, whatever we may think of them, or anything of that sort; it is a selfish and wilful nationalism, which frustrates that universal human brotherhood and co-operation which Christianity demands and is.

We have, unhappily, to recognize, as Lord Cecil recognized, the sad warrant for M. Clemenceau's sarcasm about the chronic regularity of "Christian" wars and fighting from early times to now. It accuses Christendom that three-quarters of all the wars of the last five centuries have been wars in which "Christians" were engaged. The great World War itself was a war between the so-called Christian nations. In the fateful months of August and September, 1914, I was in both England and Germany, and I attended church services in both countries. I heard great congregations in England devoutly praying, in whatever veiled or circumlocutory phrase, that God would strengthen their boys to kill German Christians; and heard German congregations praying to the same God, with the same unction, that he would help their boys to kill English Christians. The satire and scandal of it all has come home to Christian men as never before, and nowhere more profoundly than here in England. The English churches are roused to the fact that war is not Christian business, that it does not comport with Christ's spirit or teaching, and that reform must begin at the house of God. Few movements here are more striking than the "No More War" movement, in which already nearly 200,000 persons have subscribed to the pledge that under no circumstances will they take any part in any future war. In this high resolve they are now fortified by the Kellogg Pact itself. The cardinal virtue and significance, perhaps, of that Peace Pact, which, broached by M. Briand, was broadened and sponsored by our American government, and then adopted by 60 nations, is that, renouncing war and pledging the settlement of all disputes by peaceful means, it completely shifts the legal status of the Peace party and the War party in any possible international conflict. The "Conscientious Objector" from now on has the law on his side, and the proponent of war becomes the lawless man. The upright and downright British mind seems to grasp this revolutionized situation more firmly than some of our own people; and the churches grasp it best.

Why is America behind England in the crusade for ensuring a triumphant success at the Geneva Disarmament Conference and the prompt silencing there of all finicalness and trifling? Who of us dares hope for a meeting in New York this summer like that at Albert Hall last Saturday? Yet Europe throbs with hope for American leadership. Our American churches indeed are planning for a nationwide crusade beginning in the autumn. Why do they not sound the strong key-note now, as our English brothers are doing? There ought to be great religious meetings like that at Westminster in a dozen of our leading American cities,—in New York, at Carnegie Hall or the Cathedral; in Boston at Tremont Temple or at the band-stand on the Common; in Chicago at the Auditorium or some fitting place. An opportunity and an

obligation for decisive practical service confront the Christian Church at this hour such as no other modern contingency has offered.

For it must be recognized that the influence of the churches in the peace cause at this hour may, indeed, be decisive. As one long associated with the cause, I must frankly and earnestly express the conviction that the Christian churches are doing more for world peace than any other force, and more than they ever did before,—as of course ought to be the case. In the United States it is undeniable that there is vastly more long-range statesmanship in the pulpit than in the Senate. I should like to know how many of the thousands in Albert Hall last Saturday, besides all the speakers, were members of Christian churches. Ministers were there in great number. We noted on the platform Dr. Norwood of the City Temple, so well known in America, who it will be remembered some time ago asked his church for relief from pulpit duties for six months, that he might crusade for the peace cause all over England. I do not doubt that the Albert Hall appeals were echoed in a thousand pulpits the next day. We went on the Sunday morning to the Westminster Congregational church. In the pulpit was an inspired American, the distinguished Baltimore preacher, Dr. Kirk; and in his sermon were echoes of the great prophetic meeting. In the evening I went to St. Martin-in-the-Fields, the great church in Trafalgar Square which Americans know so well, the place in these last years of the notable ministry of Jack Sheppard, as the Londoners commonly call him. Broken in health, his place has been taken by the Rev. P. McCormick, as consecrated and zealous as himself. The church was thronged, with every seat occupied and many standing, while hundreds were turned away. The crypt was full, for those who stayed to listen to the loud speaker. The preacher's text was the single word "Together." One would like to repeat his pointed applications of the spirit of togetherhood, the fundamental Christian principle, to the life of varying and often rival church fellowships, as well as to the common relations of life. But to the political and international world it was pointedly addressed. Men can no longer go on thinking of themselves as Englishmen or Frenchmen or Germans, and only in the second place as men and brothers; and in this connection he harked back to the high call of the great meeting of the day before. The time for national isolation and rivalry has passed; the time for togetherness has come. That is the message for the Christian church to the struggling world today.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Pacifism Becomes Respectable

"What is this outfit anyhow?" asked a tall, solemn workman in jeans as he spent his lunch hour straining to hear the speakers on the steps of Waukegan's County courthouse. "Communists?"

"No," said we, "it's a peace caravan going across the country with a petition for international disarmament. Don't you want to sign?"

"Waall,' said the man still suspicious, " you ain't socialists either?"

"No, not socialists?"

"And you ain't against the government?"

"Oh no," said we and we swelled with righteous patriotism—"no indeed. Why President Hoover himself started this movement for disarmament? The petitions are going to him to show him the people are behind him."

The man was impressed at last. "Sure, I'll sign," said he.

We were all standing facing the speakers of the Women's International League who had motored all the way from California with their message of peace. An hour earlier a procession of nearly forty automobiles from Chicago and its suburbs had met the lone banner-decked car at the state line of Wisconsin and Illinois. An oil station and a few houses—beyond prairie country glinting green and gold in the sunshine rolling down to the edge of Lake Michigan, whitecapped in the wind. We escorted the caravan in orderly procession back to Waukegan with two motor police in the lead. One policeman had signed the disarmament petition—the other—well, he couldn't go back on the army, like that.

The Waukegan mayor, scheduled to welcome the caravan, at the last moment failed to appear. Waukegan is ruled by steel factories, by anti-red societies, by fear. Whatever the mayor could have been afraid of in the respectable feminine crowd that awaited him is hard to imagine. There were the caravan speakers, gentle Katherine Devereux Blake, Dorothy Cook honor Goucher graduate and Miss Kaufman of Columbia University, as fine representatives of intellectual womanhood as you could find anywhere. There were numbers of elderly women, middle aged women young women, like Mary McDowell, "little angel of the stockyards," good women and true and certainly as loyal citizens as there are. Queer how long that war psychology has lasted in small American towns. In spite of a thirteen year old armistice, the Kellogg pact and disarmament propaganda the small town mind still thinks of peace in terms of Brest Litovsk, a deadly poison disseminated by arch criminals known as radicals.

On to Lake Forest, millionaire suburb, swerving around the corner with an extra escort of motor police blowing sirens. Everyone scuttling out of the way as if a fire brigade were arriving. A crowd waiting patiently in the pretty little market square. The headmaster of a Lake Forest Academy, John Richards, told his fellow citizens that disarmament was just plain commonsense. A Catholic prelate went on to state that war was against the precepts of Christ. It had always been wrong and always would be. Catherine Waugh McCulloch of Evanston, famed for her leadership in suffrage days, a whitehaired grandmother now—told the crowd that it was disloyal not to be for disarmament since the President had pronounced so drastically on the subject. Society nodded its head. Some of those who had sponsored the cause in a rash moment found to their great relief that it wasn't going to be an unpopular one after all. They wouldn't lose cast with the dictators of Lake Forest's social behavior code. The disarmament petition was signed right and left. Drugstore clerks, negro gardners, wealthy matrons, all of them put their names to the long white

paper.

The meetings couldn't last long—Waukegan at noon, Lake Forest scheduled for 2:30, Winnetka at 4:00 and Highland Park in between. With a farewell to Lake Forest off went the procession with the two faithful motor police in the lead. The mother of an ex-convict drove the first car. Her son had spent a couple of years in prison as a conscientious objector when pacifism wasn't so popular. "We'll drive around Fort Sheridan on the way" said this indomitable woman to the motor cops. Past the army officers' homes, past the Fort postoffice went the procession of automobiles with the police screaming their arrival with sirens. Past the reviewing grounds where companies of young men were learning the technique of war. "Hello girls," said a jovial doughboy off duty. Thumbing our noses at the army, that's what it was. Being led right into it by county police too. The doughboys didn't mind. They didn't know what it was all about. A bunch of crazy women doubtless. But the ex-convict's mother was having her innings at last. Grimly she drove her car behind the motor bikes, honking her horn as loudly as possible. She wasn't disloyal or white livered or unpatriotic anymore. Pacifism had become respectable at last.

On went the procession to Highland Park, to Winnetka, to Evanston—meetings everywhere—a long day for those tireless caravaners. But Miss Blake and the two younger women looked fresh and pretty on the platform of Evanston's largest church that evening. A great crowd had turned out. Shades of Frances Willard! Evanston has become peace conscious as it was formerly temperance conscious. Who knows what Evanston re-aroused will do if it decides that disarmament is an issue worth crusading for. Anyhow Chicago's northshore knows now that the movement for disarmament has begun in earnest. When the roll is called yonder in Geneva next February there will be some surprises for those statesmen who still think that because war has always been in the past it must continue in the future.

DOROTHY WALTON BINDER.

The Study Table

Old Africa

The rift valleys of Africa have long been famous. Nowhere else probably does this peculiar geological feature occur on so great a scale. Their origin has given rise to considerable discussion. Our well known Bailey Willis, who has travelled in many lands and studied earth's features in many fields, has just investigated them. His visit was made under direction of the Carnegie Institution, which is conducting a broad study of earthquake phenomena. The detailed technical report of Professor Willis' study will be published in due course by the Institution. In "Living Africa"[1] we have a day by day story of his wanderings written for the non-specialist reader. Bailey Willis is a skilled artist and an excellent photographer and his book is well illustrated by pencil and camera. He was treated with great courtesy by the government geologists—both British and Belgian—in the districts visited. The former particularly placed every possible aid and convenience at his disposition and members of the staff accompanied him a considerable part of the time. As these men had themselves been students of the phenomena to be investigated and given much thought to their explanation, such companionship was of considerable value. Africa is for the most part a high plateau: no other country has so marked and general an elevation. The great fissures and slips forming the rift valleys are well in the interior. Willis' study involves both the continent as a whole and the rift valleys. Has the continent been *raised* enmasse to its notable height or has the sea gone down? In the course of the long seismic activity, has the chief force been a push from below, the dropping of an unsupported keystone, or lateral thrust developed in a thin crust over a shrinking interior? There are other possibilities. It is unnecessary to go into details. Willis holds that the great continental plateau is an elevation, not due to lowering of the sea level. The rift valleys are for the most part —because there are differences among them—upthrusts due to vast pressure from below; cracks with a pushing upward of the mass on one side of the fracture. His study deals with the ancient rock materials, and the later lavas, with fissures and slips, with the story of rivers and lakes, with the formation of volcanoes. The rocks which in their fracturing have given rise to the rift valleys are ancient rocks, not recent lavas. A significant part of his theory is that the elevatory force is largely due to the rearrangement in these old rocks of their crystal components. Bailey Willis travelled six thousand miles in the field. He tells us of the country, transportation, natives, wild animals (though he is not a hunter). He is a gray-beard, not a youth. Few men, even geologists, at his age would have done the pedestrian stunts he did so easily and gladly; few have so keen an appreciation of scenic beauty; few could so admirably express experiences so interestingly by word and picture.

During a period of several years in Jamaica, Joseph J. Williams became impressed by certain resemblances in words and customs of the Jamaica Negroes to the Hebrews. The group under observation was descended from slaves who were brought from Ashanti, West Africa. Studying the available sources regarding the Ashanti he found that similarities exist among them. He has now spent years in investigating how these Hebrewisms, if they are truly Hebrewisms, came to Ashanti. His book, "Hebrewisms in West Africa,"[2] is no ordinary "Lost Tribes of Israel" plea. Of such there are many. On the ground of similar customs and occasional resemblances between words, American Indians, Aztecs, Australians and many another people have been demonstrated to be the ten lost tribes. Mr. Williams is well informed of these efforts and discusses them in one of his chapters. He is on much safer ground. Semitic influence has penetrated far and wide into the dark continent. Some of this has been Arabic, Mohammedan; some has been Hebrew, Judaic. Our author gathers and sifts an immense amount of material and presents a well connected argument. Jewish influence has entered Africa by more than one gateway. Three centers are especially deserving of consideration. Jews and colonies of Jews have long been in

1. Living Africa: A Geologist's Wanderings. Bailey Willis. New York: 1930. Whittlesey House (McGraw Hill Book Co.) 8 vo. pp. xv. 320. Price $4.00.

2. Hebrewisms of West Africa. Joseph J. Williams. New York: MCMXXX. Lincoln MacVeagh. The Dial Press. 8 vo. pp. ix. 443. Price $7.50.

Ethiopia: tradition claims that the Queen of Sheba had a son by Solomon (whom scripture asserts she visited), who became king in his turn. Then, before, and after, there was infiltration of Jews into Ethiopia (Abyssinia). Again, the Mediterranean coast of Africa was sprinkled with Jewish trading settlements. Carthage abounded in Jews. They penetrated into the great desert and established relations with the peoples of the oases. When the Moors, expelled from Spain, crowded into northern Africa, they drove the Jews further into the interior. At one time, in the ninth century, there was even a Jewish kingdom, Ghana, south of the Sahara. A third center of Jewish expansion was Egypt. Evidence of Jewish settlements, early and late, exist. Elephantine at the first cataract of the Nile was such a settlement. Williams makes a careful study of the question as to which of these three Jewish sources may have influenced the Ashanti. He decides in favor of Egypt and attempts to follow "the long trek" across the continent, from Nile to Niger. Sallying from the ancestral home, Jews at an early day entered Egypt, pushed up the Nile to pass Khartoum into the country of the Shilluk, turned west and journeying south of the desert, passed by Lake Chad. Our author is inclined to associate these migrants with the Songhois Kingdom and from there Ashanti lies open. In all this there is nothing improbable. The only question to your reviewer is how much of what Williams considers *Hebrew* in the customs and words he examines, must necessarily be considered specifically Jewish. We have no objection to the claims in themselves: we doubt, however, that a complete demonstration has been made. What has been done, and most interestingly, is to show the extraordinary penetration of Jews into the very heart of Africa. We know of no other equally satisfactory study.

Shannon's "The Negro in Washington"[3] is an intensely earnest book. The problem discussed has occupied the author's attention for many years and this is the fourth time he has written upon it. Though the study is made of the Negro in the city of Washington, the problem and the argument would be the same for Negroes in any part of the country. But in Washington the mulatto exists in a larger proportion than in many other places and his position is more respectable —at least in the matter of governmental employment. Mr. Shannon's thesis is easily stated. He hates race-mixture; he pleads for racial integrity of the Negro; he believes continued contact of the two races in the United States to be fraught with peril; he would separate them, transporting the Negro to other climes, that racial integrity may be restored and mankind saved. There are many, many items in his discussion that tempt to consideration: space permits our touching on few. To Mr. Shannon the *mulatto* (using the term for every degree of mixture) is intolerable. He revolts against the fact that the mulatto has thirty-four times the chance for success that the full blood Negro has. He considers the mulatto a competitor against the white and a tricky exploiter of the black. The greater his success the worse for all parties. Our author does not really propose that the mulatto should be executed, or that he be deprived of the fruit of his labor, or that he should be compelled to starve in actual idleness, but we are left with the feeling that such fates would be just. The solicitude of our author for preserving the Negro's racial integrity is almost painful. The chapter on illegitimacy, bristling with instructive and alarming statistics, raises many questions. Sweden heads the list, with Denmark a close follower. Norway does not figure, but it surely ranks with its sister Scandinavian lands. Yet these are countries, where racial integrity is quite good, and they are Protestant lands. This latter fact has its significance, because illegitimacy in Catholic countries is a part of Mr. Shannon's argument. More than once in his discussion the author makes reference to dangerous Communistic influences (presumably soviet) yet his table shows Russia with the lowest percentage of illegitimacy. His tables show that illegitimate births among Washington Negroes is much (seven or eight times) greater than among whites. Such frequency is to be deplored, but of course it is not so great as the table shows. Illegitimacy among the whites is undoubtedly much greater than stated: it is more easily concealed and less readily admitted. Mr. Shannon urges that well intentioned whites should unite in bringing pressure to bear upon Negroes to maintain their racial integrity. Of course an equally heroic effort might well be applied to our race to maintain its racial integrity. Mr. Shannon does not blink this but is far less urgent—apparently feeling that it might be a hopeless effort. Our greatest interest in Shannon's book, however, is his colonization scheme. He would urge the American Negroes to look for a new home where their social integrity will no longer be threatened. Africa is of course the proper place, "the old home"; removal there would be "repatriation." He sees three possible areas—Liberia, Abyssinia, Congo Belge. In Liberia numbers of Americans would not be welcome. Very few could be located there. Most of them are too meddlesome, too anxious to show how things should be done. Abyssinia is not a *Negro* country. Amalgamation already exists there on a prodigious scale. It would be a bad place for maintaining racial integrity. Shannon half recognizes this and thinks that it would be especially a refuge for mulattos. He says:

> These are a people of ability and cultural possibilities, and the American mulatto might well find in them associates both agreeable and helpful, all depending upon his own tact and consideration, and his ability to develop the country.

On the whole our author favors Congo Belge. He does not seem to realize: (1) That Belgium would refuse to accept such an incoming population, which could only be a disturbing element in the Colony; (2) that the transportation and settlement of such a mass of individuals to an undeveloped tropical area would mean death to the transported and to the enterprise. Shannon sees an alternative; they might be *distributed* through Africa. Let Mr. Shannon make the suggestion to the British and French governments and see how it would be received! No; there is little likelihood of large-scale transplantation. Negroes and mulattos born in the United States and reared here are likely, for the most part, to stay here; assaults on race integrity, white and black, are likely to continue; illegitimacy, admittedly undesirable, will continue to occur, under Protestant as well as Catholic instruction. The problem is a serious one but it will continue here and the solution, if one is found, must be found *here*.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. The Negro in Washington: A Study in Race Amalgamation. A. H. Shannon. New York: 1930. Walter Neale. 16 mo. pp. 332. Price $3.00.

Correspondence

UNITY for Every Senator

Editor of UNITY:

It has occurred to me that no more profitable educational work could be done at this time than to put UNITY for the coming weeks, with Dr. Holmes' European letters therein, on the desks of all the members of the United States Senate. It has come to me to say this: I will be one of ten to pay these subscriptions for the six months period, at your special rate of $1.00 per subscription, to enable you to send it to all of the Senators who are not now subscribers. Perhaps a goodly quota already get UNITY, of this I have no knowledge of course. So here's a proposition; what's the reaction?

RALPH WHIPPLE ANDERSON.

Kennewick, Wash.

(Note: No time is being lost in placing the names of ten Senators on the UNITY mailing list. Who will authorize the next ten?—Managing Editor).

Facts on Unemployment

Editor of UNITY:

It is hardly a matter for surprise that many men should be unemployed. In recent years women have invaded the domain of labor, and in a number of lines, such as teaching, nursing and stenography, have virtually usurped the field. The number of vocations filled exclusively by men is doubtless growing smaller each year.

This, however, is only one phase. What is called technological unemployment is frequently mentioned, but I doubt if its importance has been appreciated by most people. There is a general belief that in time of ordinary prosperity the workers so displaced will readily find new occupations. That may have been true for former generations, but it does not hold true today.

In agriculture, for instance, output has increased 28 per cent since 1910, while the number of farm laborers has decreased 6 per cent. It is estimated that during this period 130,000 farm laborers have been displaced by 45,000 harvesting machines.

In the steel industry the changes have been even more striking. We are told that one man now does the work formerly done by 42 men in the operation of open-hearth furnaces. In the casting of pig iron, the work that used to require 60 men is now done by seven men and one machine. And two men with the aid of machines do the work formerly done by 128 men in the loading of pig iron.

Similar changes are known to have taken place in the textile, lumber, glass, clothing, building, automobile and most other manufacturing industries. Even for clerical work we have billing machines, adding machines, automatic writing machines and numerous others that are reducing the need for human labor.

The shortening of work hours will furnish a partial solution. But it will not provide for those who must spend time in preparation for work in another line, nor for those past middle life who may not find other work. Nor will it provide for those temporarily laid off in slack seasons. It is here that unemployment insurance and old age pensions must play a part.

It has been the custom of large corporations in prosperous years to set aside part of their profits with which to pay dividends in slack years. The "Monthly Survey of Business" publishes the astounding fact that American corporations during the hard year 1930 paid $355,000,000 more in dividends than they did in the prosperous year 1929. On the other hand, the wage payments of manufacturing corporations, as estimated by the Federal Reserve Board, fell more than two billion dollars below those of 1929.

Such facts cause grave reflections. If a corporation needs a certain number of employees in normal times, is it under no obligation to carry these through the slack season? Can it rightfully pay out large dividends in slack years to stockholders, while it throws its unneeded employees on the community for support? Why should not these corporations pay their own overhead?

A few concerns throughout the country have recognized this responsibility and have joined with their employees in creating a reserve fund, out of which benefits are paid the latter during unemployment. The General Electric Company, for instance, pays its unemployed men 50 per cent of their full time earnings, except that the payments in no case are to exceed $20 weekly, and are limited to ten weeks within the twelve-month period.

Such efforts looking toward stabilized employment are important for their educational effect. Yet it is too much to expect that compensation for the unemployed will become general by such wholly voluntary action. And many firms have so small a margin of profit that the adoption of a plan for unemployment insurance would place them at the mercy of their less generous competitors. Governmental action is needed to bring all into line.

This could be achieved doubtless by a provision for a government contribution to the insurance fund when certain conditions were met. The revenue for such contribution should be raised by taxes on corporation and individual incomes and upon inheritances; the balance of the insurance fund to be contributed by the company and its employees.

Such a system offers certain advantages. Each establishment would be free in a large measure to work out its own plan of insurance—which would make for progress. Also the share of the insurance burden thrown upon the individual company need not be so heavy as to discourage the individual company from technological improvements involving the discharge of men. And employees, through contributing to the fund, would feel a livelier interest in having it justly administered.

The idea of unemployment insurance is comparatively new in this country, and naturally has met with objections. The most common objection is that any financial aid from the government to the individual is in the nature of a dole and is demoralizing. But a plan under which the worker, by his contribution to the insurance fund, has helped to provide for his compensation during unemployment, is surely less demoralizing than when, as now, he is thrown helpless upon charity for support after exhausting his own scanty reserves.

Insurance in some form has been devised against other hazards of life, and many students of industry believe it offers the fullest security against unemployment that the workingman is likely to achieve under our capitalistic system. Indeed, by providing a fair measure of economic security, it will take us a long step toward the better industrial order.

Denver, Colo. F. S. KINDER.

A Glaring Breach of Gandhi-Irwin Pact

Editor of UNITY:

The Gandhi-Irwin Pact is being torpedoed by the Provincial authorities in India in many cases but below I give you a typical case which speaks for itself:

Before the Civil Disobedience Movement, Dr. A. S. Chelapathi Rao, M. B., B. S., of Guntur, used to act as Honorary Ophthalmic Surgeon in the local Government Headquarters Hospital. During the campaign he gave up his appointment and went to jail as a volunteer. He was released under the Delhi Agreement in March last. When he came out, finding that the post he resigned was still vacant he applied for it in accordance with the terms of the pact. He was reinstated in May last and orders were received by him from the Personal Assistant to the Surgeon-General with the Government of Madras, asking him to take charge immediately. He took charge of his office in the first week of May last.

Later, about 10th June, the District Medical Officer, of Guntur, who is the Superintendent of the hospital, asked Mr. Chelapathi Rao, whether he was prepared to express regret for the anti-government propaganda he had carried in the Civil Disobedience campaign. Mr. Chelapathi Rao asked the D. M. O., to put his request in black and white before a reply, positive or negative, was given to him. The matter was dropped and now Mr. Chelapathi Rao has received orders that the Government is not prepared to reinstate him and that he should hand over charge to the Resident Medical Officer, Guntur.

The matter has been referred to the Higher Authorities and the result is awaited with interest.

One is tempted to ask can an Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard its spots?

G. V. KRISHNA RAO.

Guntur

The Field

(*Continued from page* 2)

And all these proposals are predicated on the assumed bad faith and wanton conduct of certain unnamed nations. I have asked again and again in this country and in Europe "what nations?" and the reply is invariably —silence.

The plain truth is that unless the nations can trust one another peace is impossible. If the signatures are worthless, why were they ever appended to the treaty? Or why do we ever have any treaties whatever?

What we need to supplement and safeguard the peace pact are not euphemisms that mask the visage of force but "sanctions of peace" crystallized into provisions of international and domestic law, and the courage of reciprocal faith in the peoples of the world.

Some of these new provisions might be:

1. In the future all annexations and territorial acquisitions by means of war or in the presence of armed force, and all seizures or exactions by force, duress or fraud shall be null and void.

This is really a necessary corollary to the pact. For if war itself is unlawful, then all property or title derived by war is void. Thus the lust of conquest would be sterilized by nullifying the ambitious fruits of victory.

2. The world court should have jurisdiction to investigate a charge of the breach of the peace pact, the court to have power to hear the case and its doors to be open to the press and the public. The court should not have power to enforce its decisions but merely to ascertain the facts and make reports in aid of public opinion.

I favor strong juridical powers in an international court, but am as strongly opposed to any power of enforcement. Enforcement spells war.

3. Declaration by the United States of its faith in the sanctity of the signatories' pledges to peace under the pact, but of its willingness to consult with its fellow signatories in case it considers that a crisis has arisen, seriously threatening the violation of the pact.

This declaration should not be in the nature of a trade or a commitment with any particular nation or set of nations, but only as an inherent duty to avert disaster in the event of such threatened breach. Under this declaration there shall be no commitment to the use of force directly or indirectly, but only to the use of pacific measures and the tender of friendly offices to both sides.

But the most acute problem facing the nations today is that of drastic reduction of armaments. For armaments are the "implements" of war; we have delegalized war, but, unfortunately, we have not yet deimplemented war. Five billion dollars a year in preparation for the return of the outlaw, war, is economic insanity in a world teeming with unemployment and poverty.

The final and vital test of governmental belief in the peace pact is the measure of disarmament which the nations are willing to make. Perhaps in its wisdom the disarmament conference of next February may follow in a now justly popular path and agree to a moratorium on armament building until 1935, when the adjourned naval conference is to meet again—a saving of $15,000,000,000.

Of what value will be our entry into the world court, otherwise of great importance, if the physical structure of the war system is to be maintained? Of what value are new protective provisions in the law of nations, or reduced readjustment of debts and reparations, so necessary for economic stabilization, if war, the uncontrollable monster, is to break loose again through competition in armaments?

We now have, meeting in conjunction, the two most potent leverages for curtailment of arms, a universal treaty outlawing war and the most acute financial depression in the world's history. Common sense and common interest should assure results.

We have before us tasks as arduous as their accomplishment will be beneficial to humanity. I have an abiding faith in the ultimate success of our efforts to rescue the nations from the morass of war and panic, so inextricably bound up together.—Chicago *Daily News*, August 27, 1931.

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PHONE - ATLANTIC 1876

Views on Religion Chicago Meeting

On the night of Oct. 12, Orchestra Hall, Chicago, will offer the spectacle of Protestant, Catholic, Jew and agnostic on the same platform, presenting their views on religion. Each will have 30 minutes for a statement of creed, and there will be neither rebuttal nor judges' decision.

Dean Charles W. Gilkey of University Chapel, Chicago; Rabbi Solomon Goldman of Congregation Anshe Emet, Chicago; Clarence Darrow, celebrated criminal lawyer, and Dr. John A. Lapp of the sociology department, Milwaukee, will be the speakers.

Similar forums held during the past season have attracted great hearings in such cities as Cleveland, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Dallas, Houston, San Antonio, Ft. Worth, New Orleans, Savannah, Atlanta, Birmingham, Nashville and Louisville. The public auditorium in Washington, D. C., was crowded to capacity when Mr. Darrow, Rabbi Abram Simon, Dr. Jason Noble Pierce and Quin O'Brien were the speakers. Baltimore also received the "experiment in fraternity" with enthusiasm.

IMPORTANT!

The New Humanist

for September-October

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Professor J. H. Randall, Jr.
of Columbia University

Dean Mathews and God
Professor M. C. Otto
of the University of Wisconsin

American Trends Toward the Irrational
Professor Werner Petersman
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English Trends Toward Humanism
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